

b<sup>u</sup>. 6<sup>d</sup>.

AN  
HEROICK POEM  
TO HIS  
Royal Highness  
THE  
DUKE of YORK,  
ON HIS  
RETURN  
FROM  
SCOTLAND.  
WITH  
Some choice SONGS and MEDLEYES  
ON THE  
TIMES.

---

By MAT. TAUBMAN, Gent.

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Hora. Ser. Sat. 3.

*Omnibus hoc Vitium est Cantoribus inter amicos,  
Ut nunquam Inducant animum cantare, Rogati,  
Injussi nunquam Desistant. —*

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LONDON,  
Printed for John Smith in Russel-street, Covent-Garden, 1682.

4 July.

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THE  
PUBLISHER  
TO THE  
READER.

*Courteous Reader,*

**T**He Author of these few *Songs*, being much sollicitated for Copies, and not able to oblige all his Friends, was prevail'd upon (for the ease of both) to allow them to be Printed with the Notes, which all Gentlemen that are desirous, may have at Mr. *John Smith*, Bookseller, his Shop in *Russell-street*, *Covent-Garden*, together with the Baffles, at reasonable Rates.





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TO THE  
**DUKE,**  
 UPON HIS  
 RETURN  
 FROM  
**SCOTLAND.**

**S**Till with our sins, still with our furies crost,  
 The Royal Barge is on the Billows tost.  
 We raise the Storm: You must the *Jonas* be,  
 That must appease the raging of the Sea.  
 You, Sir, are both the Heav'ns and Oceans care,  
 Whose Gods in your protection claim a share;  
 Who from devouring Deep, as him before,  
 Did in your life, our lives and hopes restore.  
 So the fair Light once banish'd, does return,  
 When with new Brightness crown'd the Day is Born:  
 Tho all the time that disappears, we might  
 Much better say, we vanish are from Light:  
 For that still guides the Day when it is here,  
 And flies but to extend the Day elsewhere.  
 As you, whom our poor Isle cannot confine,  
 More than the Sun can in one Country shine,  
 For the same cause can never Banish't be,  
 Contain'd in no one Land no more than He.  
 Ev'n he, Descending from his Shining height  
 With us, does rise in other Lands as Bright,  
 And seeming to go down to this Worlds view,  
 Retires, but is not Banish't to the new.





So you, no less than he, a Star too Great  
 To rise for ever in one place, or set.  
 In Sphere too noble, and of make too pure,  
 For envious Mists for ever to obscure.  
 If ought e're seem'd to intercept your Light,  
 The Clouds ne'r darken'd you, but hid our sight.  
 Like Heav'n's fair Ruler of the Day, as high  
 Above all Clouds, as they above our Eye.  
 Nor less than he a Royal Planet seem,  
 Born to divided Empire too, like Him.  
 Your Hemispheres in which you shine, have too  
 Your Brothers antient Empire, and its new :  
 The Empire of his Race, which gave the Chair  
 In which our Kings, when Crown'd, now seated are.  
 Ev'n so long since some promise seem'd to give,  
 That thence in time we might our Kings derive :  
 Gives us in you a sure support alone,  
 Both of the *Scottish* Chair, and *English* Throne.  
 Well did the ROYAL MARTYR e're he fell  
 To bind SUCCESSION, shew his latest zeal ;  
 When Kissing GLOUC'STER he forbad all Claims  
 To CHARLES his Scepter and the Sword of JAMES.  
 Be CHARLES his Scepter ever sacred still,  
 And be the Sword of JAMES invincible.  
 May the young KING to mount my Throne prevail,  
 May th' ADMIRAL in Battel never fail :  
 Revolted Cities bend to th' PRINCES yoke,  
 While Fleets and Armies wait upon the DUKE :  
 His Lot to shine upon the Land, and be  
 The other still to Thunder on the Sea.  
 All this and more kind Heaven understood,  
 Couch't in your speechless Father's voice of Blood :  
 For Wounds have Mouths which seem to gape and cry  
 And in the voice of Blood was Prophecy.  
 Propitious Heav'n the Martyr's Cry has heard,  
 A King's and Martyr's Cry deserves regard.  
 Much to his Vows as the Event does show  
 For their success the *Royal Brothers* owe.  
 Our Sov'reign much for his Return must own,  
 Meeting i'th' Arms of Peace a Bloodless Crown.





*To the* DUKE.

iii

Much you, maintaining to the Sea that Right,  
He o're the Land had gain'd, without a Fight.  
For what alas had it avail'd to boast  
His Scepter gain'd, had yet his Flagg been lost ?  
And what a Maimed Monarch needs must be  
An Island King who is not Lord at Sea ?

In his Return Heaven no hands did need,  
Reserving that, for its peculiat deed.  
Its Act entire, as seeming to declare,  
None in the Honour of that work shou'd share :  
That Kings may know on whom they must depend,  
Whose Gifts are Crowns, and whence they do Descend.  
And we due Reverence to our Kings may learn,  
Restor'd Divinely, as Divinely born.  
This Heav'n perform'd, but left it to your Sword  
To Guard those Rights to which he was restor'd :  
Keeping in store this Honour, as your due,  
What it began shou'd finisht be by you.  
And teaching us where humane hands there need,  
To what a kind of Choice it does proceed :  
When suiting Instruments to Ends it draws  
The Brightest Sword still in the bravest cause;  
Appointing, and then Arming you for Fight,  
Who to the Seas Command by Birth had Right :  
Led by just Titles to as just a War,  
To reap those Honours, in which none cou'd share.  
With double Courage arm'd, you then did show  
What a Great Leader, and good Cause cou'd do.  
What the Kings just Rights cou'd at once require,  
Or we from th' hopes of your high Birth desire :  
When you the winged Hosts to Battel led,  
And in your Flying Chariot 'fore them rid,  
Bearing your Brothers Thunder by your side,  
And waving high his Flag, with lofty Pride,  
Thus high th' Ensign of his wrong'd Pow'r to show,  
While that his Vengeance loudly speaks below.  
Soon as the Sov'raign of the Seas did rore  
Prostrate they fell, who cou'd not bow before.  
They knew his Voice, and to his Flagg submit,  
His Thunder o'wn, and him that carry'd it.



iv.

*To the* DUKE.

Tall Ships that with their Flaggs erect did ride,  
Hide in the Seas the Trophies of their pride.  
Low as the Deep their humble Top-sails bend,  
And Wide as that their Ruins do extend :  
Such was the Fight as did the World convince,  
None but you were Born for the Crowns defence.  
And tho' it were not your high Charge by Birth,  
Your Merit to that place had call'd you forth ;  
While you at once deservedly Unite  
The greatest Merit, and the Highest Right.  
What vast unbounded hopes may we conceive  
Who under such a pair of *Brothers* live ?  
Happy ! beneath this fair Conjunction born,  
Cou'd we submit to th' Throne which they adorn.  
Where each so worthy is, Great *CHARLES* to Reign,  
And *YORK* to Triumph o're the Conquer'd Main :  
A better *KING* than He no Land e're knew,  
No Seas a braver *ADMIRAL* than you.

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*Medley.*

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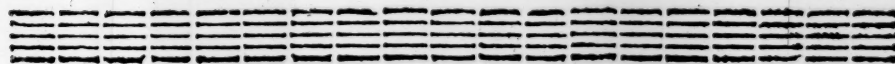


Medley on the PLOT.

**D**OWN, down Disco-ve-rers, who so long have plotted with  
 holy Shams to gull the Nation, both Peers and Prelacy they useles  
 voted by the old Babes of Re-for-ma-tion. Property's all their cry,  
 Rights and Freedom, Law and Religion, they pull down, with old  
 in-te-stine Lance to bleed 'em, from Lawn-sleev'd Prelate to  
 Purple Throne.

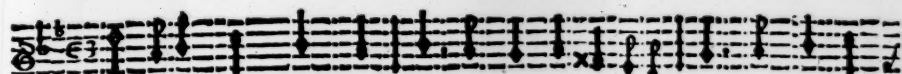
II.

Confound the Hypocrites, *Birmingham's* Royal,  
 Who think Allegiance a Transgression,  
 Since to oppose the King is counted loyal,  
 And to rail high at the Succession.  
 Monarchy's Tyranny ; Justice, cruel ;  
 Loyalists, Tory and Rory Knaves ;  
 And *Dagon* Liberty's a Jewel,  
 That we again may be *Brewers* Slaves.

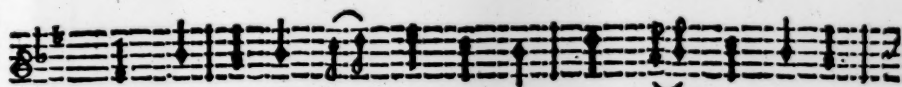




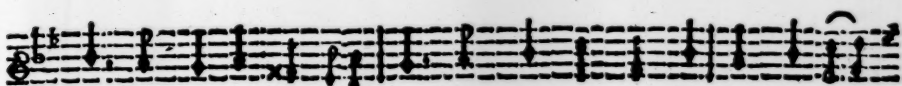
Second Part.



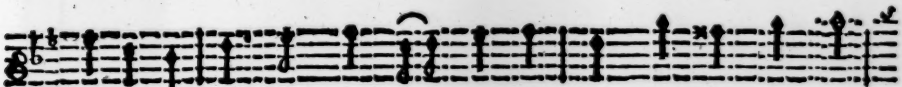
Drink, drink my Boys, since Plotting is in sea--son, and none loyal



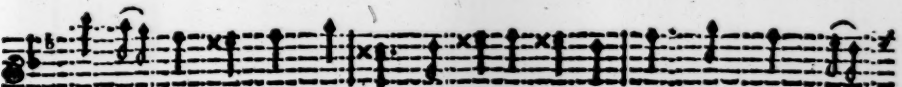
deem'd but bu--sie Brats of Faction: *Rome, Rome* record no



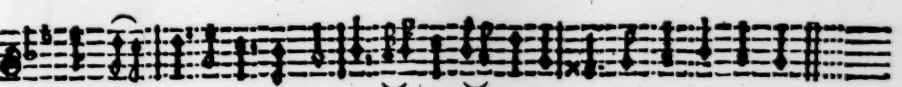
more thy ho--ly Treason, we have those at home of more divine



Extraction: We have Peers and Parsons, Smiths and Coopers too,



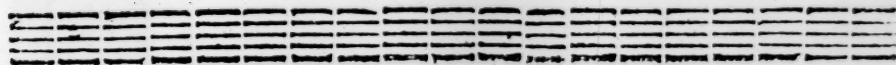
Carpenters and Joyners of the Reformation, all your Brood of



cloister'd *Jesuits* out-do, to reduce to Duty a di-vi-ded Nation.

II.

Let Whiggs and Zealots dabble deep in Treason,  
 And suck from the Spiggot heavenly Revelations,  
 We in the Glas will find more solid Reason,  
 And our Hearts inflam'd with nobler Inspirations  
 Let 'em boast of loyal *Birmingham*s and true,  
 And with these make up their Kirk of Separation,  
 We have honest Tory *Tom*, and *Dick*, and *Hugh*,  
 Will drink on, and do more service for the Nation.







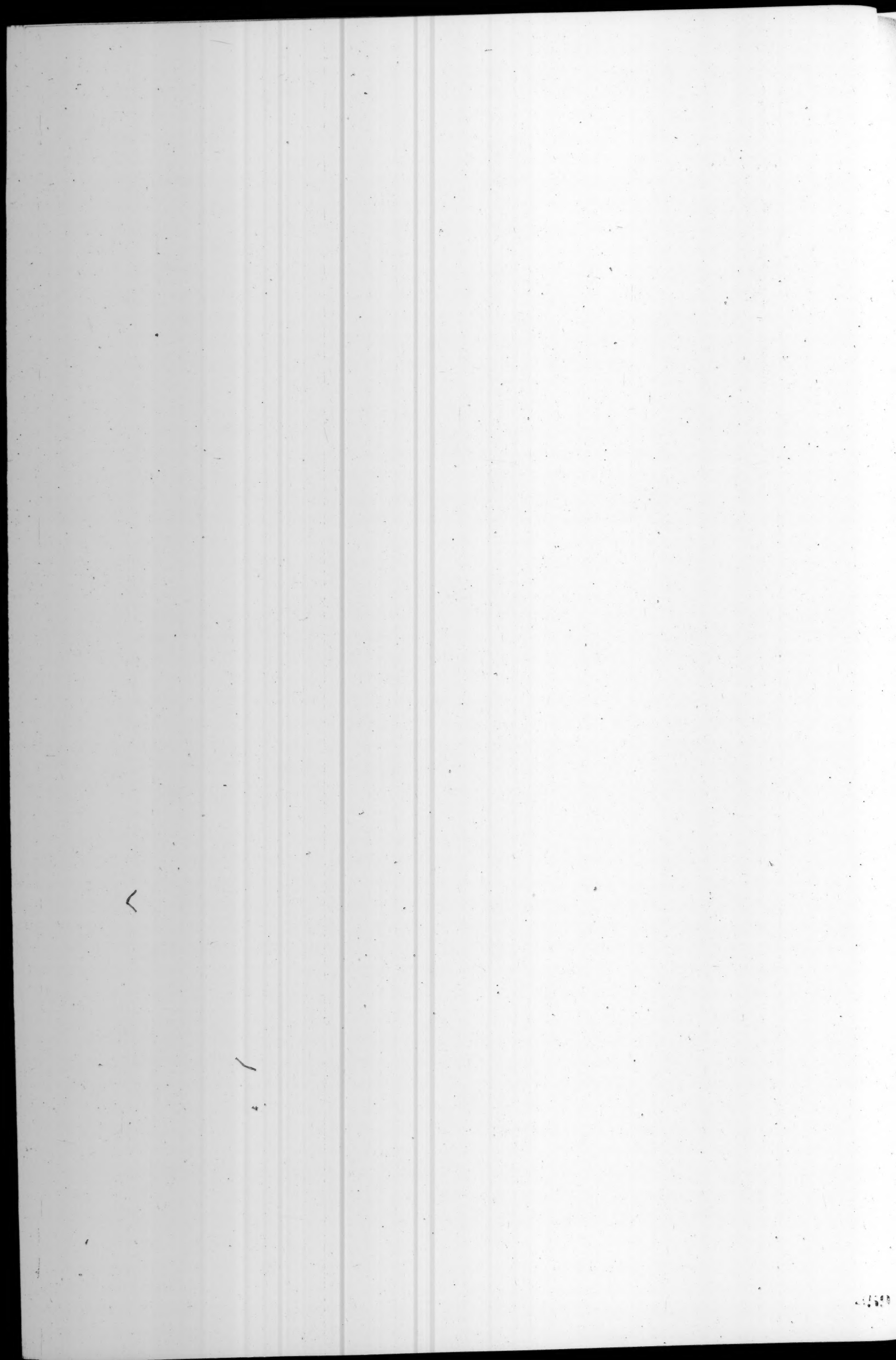
Medley on the Association.

**N**OW Treasons haunt the Throne, and Faction sways  
the Town, Zea--lots, Rebels and Traitors re-ple-vin, honest Men  
they out-brave, they can no Justice have, what shall Loy-a-lists  
do for a Living, since 'tis a Crime to defend the Royal Cause,  
or the Laws, 'gainst his Foes who inclose him, whilst still the  
gid-dy-brain'd Mul-ti-tude, in their old terms so rude, dai-ly  
do intrude with the Crowd to oppose him.

II.

What could the Commons mean,  
Impeaching Duke and Queen,  
But to govern the Nation without him?  
'Twas such a hainous thing,  
And Treason in the King,  
To keep Money or good Men about him  
Then they Petitions bring,  
To promote the thing,  
And make a *Glorious* King  
The old fashion:  
Whilst Lord and Bishop, Stare, Church and Throge,  
With all their Rites must down,  
To set up their new *Babel* of Reformation.





Second Change.



Jockey a-way Man, Dee'l ha' me by the Lug gin I will  
 stay Man to be made like a Rogue, Wonds a Geud, *Sawney*,  
 gin thou wot well the thing, yance mere for money they'l gar  
 thee sell thy King, so they did venter, banter, ranter, beth the  
 new Whigg and aud Co-ve-nan-ter, loved him, proved him,  
 shoved him, moved him, 'till they gar head him, so well they  
 loved him.

II.

But now at last we've got the removing on'r,  
 And 'till a Test have turned the Covenant,  
 Muckle Dee'l have us, gin the Loons any mere  
 Shall e're bereave us of the right lawful Heir.

Now *Scotland's* loyal,  
 Joy all;  
 Royal

*JEMMY* our Head, the *Whiggs* we defie all.  
 We mighted him, righted him,  
 When *England* slighted him;

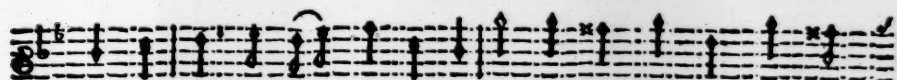
*Tan-ta-ra-ta-ta*, now Lads wee'l fight for him.

Third

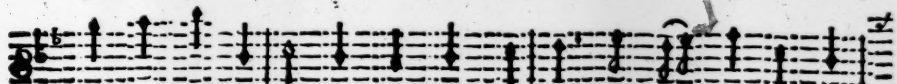


*Third Change.*

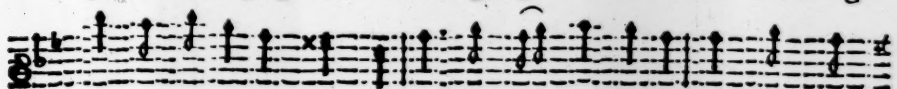
HA! Fire, Fire! see the Clouds are frying, *Sh-b-y's* ac-



quitted, and the Flames ascending in Flakes of scorching Treasons,



upwards flying against their King, against the Gods contending:



These are the ho-ly Triumphs of the Saints offending, when a damn'd



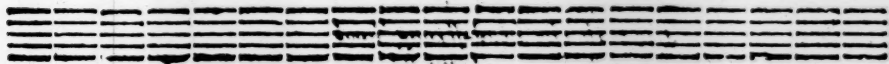
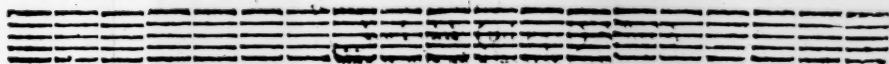
Traitor scapes, that would his King revile; but let an honest Tory,



to his Monarch's Glory, light but a Faggot, 'tis his fun'ral Pile.

## II.

Poor *Teig* and *Rory*, who renew'd the Story,  
 Were Babes of Grace while swearing was in fashion,  
 But when the *Whigg* was charg'd by the true *Tory*,  
 The Joyner's Flayl did thresh them out o'th' Nation,  
 Then all was Gospel-proof, and now all Subornation:  
 Against old *Con* perjur'd every Mother's Son.  
 And now poor *Teig* and *Rory*,  
 To his Nations Glory,  
 May plot at home, and sing *O hane! O hane!*

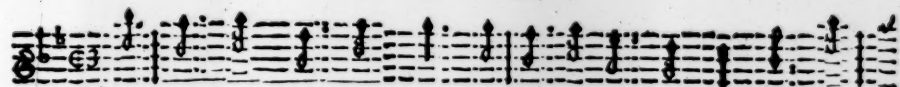




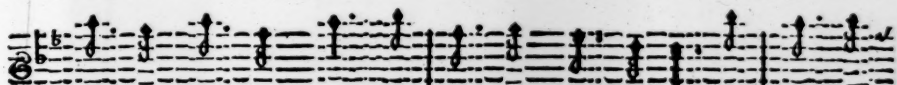




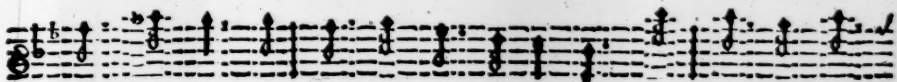
## Fourth Change.



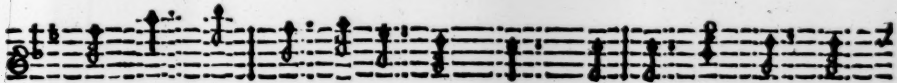
**M**Orbleu! the *Monsieur's* come, as if the Furies bore him, with



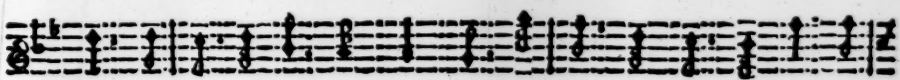
Trumpet, Pipe, and Drum, to 'larm the World around, the dread of



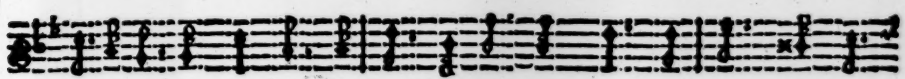
*Chri-sten-dom*: The Cannons loudly roar him, the Dev'l will not



presume 'gainst him to stand his ground: The *Spaniard*, *Dane*, and



*Pole*, submit to his Commanders, and does the Fates controll in



*Germany* and *Flanders*, 'till to compleat the whole he makes them all



*No-Landers*, whilst Fools with patience bear it, and the Loss condole.

## II.

Secure in warlike Robe

He rends the World asunder,

He tramples o're the Globe,

And Monarchs truckle down.

What factious plotting Foes,

With hopes to keep him under,

His Justice dare oppose?

His Will's his Law alone.

Shall I (says he) like Fool

Be Hector'd by the Rabble,

When I was born to rule?

Ha! futra le Diable!

I'll curb the head-strong Tool

As long as I am able.

*Jerné! To give the Beast the Reigns, 'tis ridicule.*

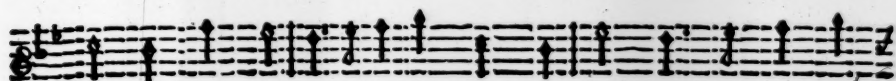
*Fifth*



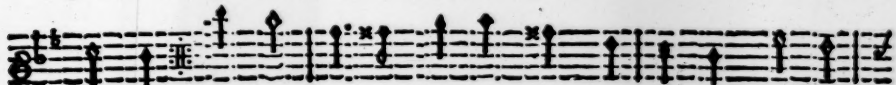
## Fifth Change.



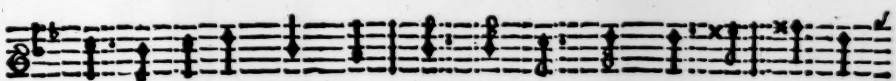
H Ark! hark! *England's* Mighty Monarch's come, in the Reer ap-



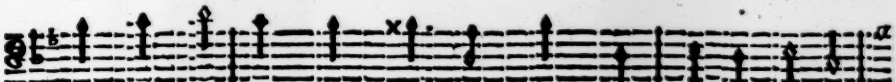
proaches, he who daily loses ground at home while the Foe en-



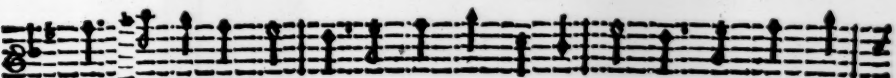
croaches; he, he who rid in the Front of all the Princes,



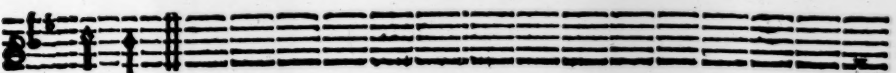
formost in the Trenches, and for all their large pre-ten-ces,



did out-strip both the Flow'r of *France*, and *German* Eagles,



the *A-He-on* that never yet was overcome, but by his own



Beagles.

## II.

See, see, Great Monarch, how the Pack the old Game inveagles:  
Whilst the old Tribe of *Forty One* is still i'th' Nation,

Plotting's a Vocation,

Treason still will be in fashion.

Lest we all truckle under the *Association*;

Root out the whole Stock,

*Tony* to the Block,

To work a thorough Reformation.

[In the second Verse, sing the first Part of the Tune but once over.]

*A Drinking*





*A Drinking CATCH.*

**C**OME Boys fill up a Bumper, wee'l make the Nation roar ;

She's grown sick of a Rumper, that ticks on the old score, 'pox on

*Birminghams*, rout 'em, they thirst for our Blood, wee'l raise

*Tax--es* without 'em, and drink for the Na-ti--ons Good.

II.

Charge the Bottles and Gallons,  
And bring the Hogheads in,  
Wee'l begin with the tall ones,  
A Brimmer to the KING:  
Round, a-round, fill a fresh one,  
That no Man bauk his Wine,  
Wee'l drink to the next in Succession,  
And keep it in the *Right Line*.

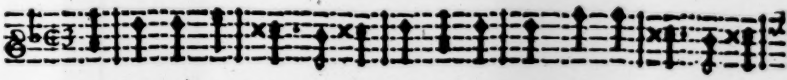
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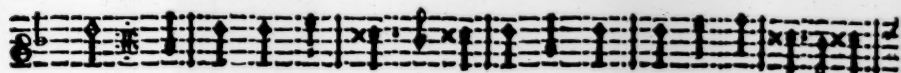
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PHILANDER.

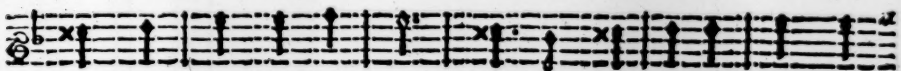
**A**  POX on the factious o'th'C--y, for chusing two *Presbyter*



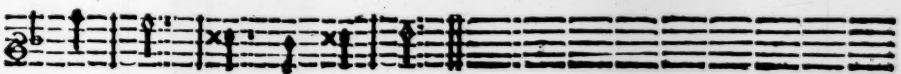
Shr--s! alas! 'tis a great deal of pi-ty, my heart for *Philander*



grieves. He sent the Recorder of *L--n*, who by the Factious was



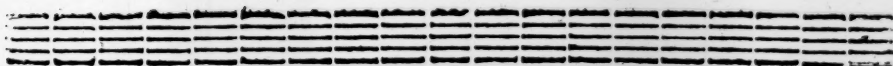
run down; they are such Rogues, they wish us undone; hang up

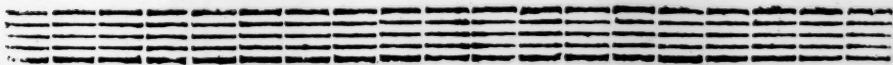


those Dogs, oh! *Bil--ly Scroggs*.

II.

They tell us of Plots and of Wonders,  
To run Church and Monarchy down,  
Whilst still the loud Pa—nt thunders  
Against both the Miter and Crown.  
The Co—ns to th' City are trotting amain,  
Where they sit plotting  
Who next shall reign,  
While we lye sotting;  
*Charles* to the Wain;  
Rogue 'em again.









## A SONG.

**N**OW, now the Work's done, and the Par--lia--ment

set, are sent back a--gain like Fools as they met, to

prove without change they were true to their Trust, they voted their

Actions both legal and just ; but on Rowley, who knew them, the

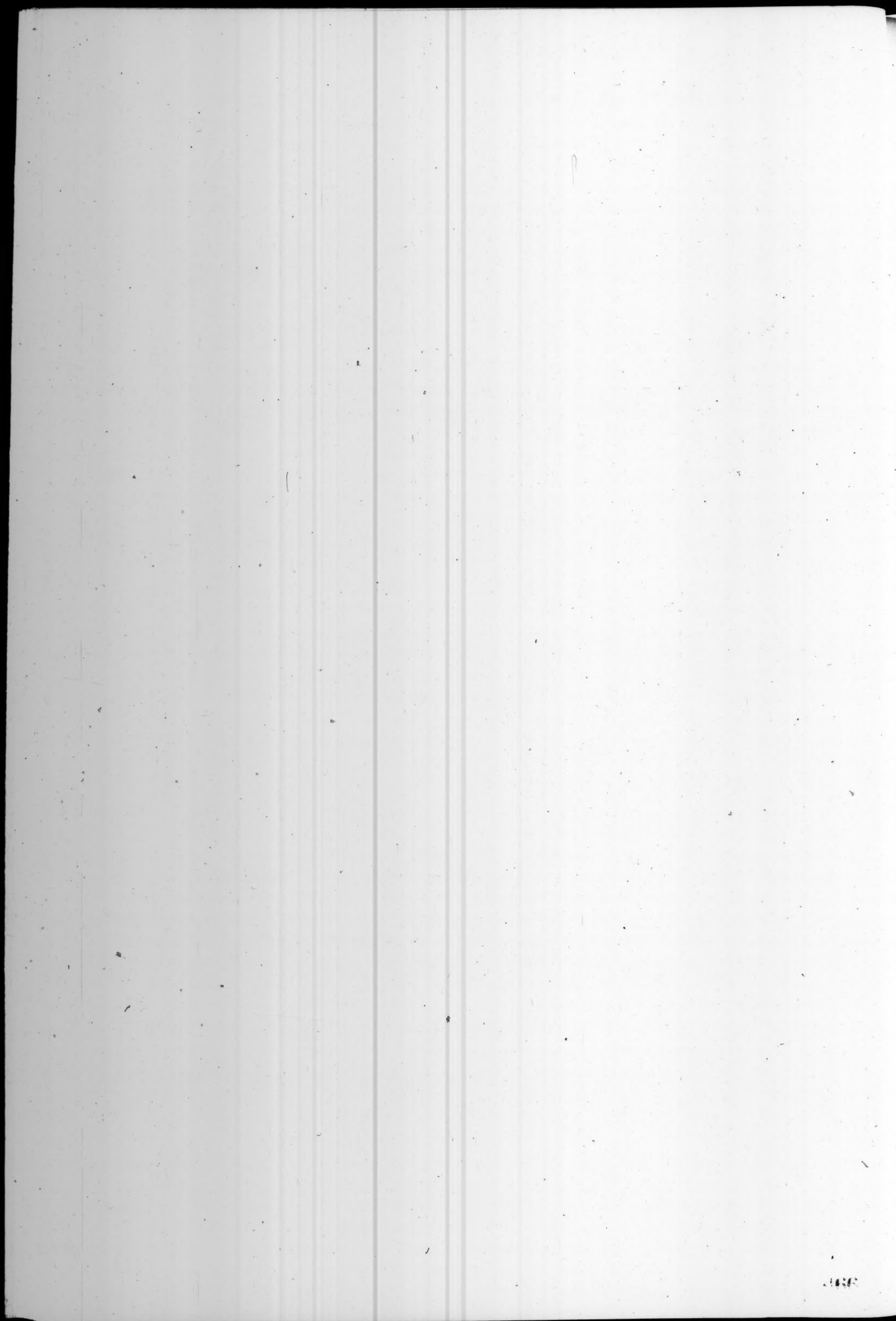
Cheat would not pass, who cut off the Rump of the Po-li-tick

As.

## II.

Let S-b-y plot, and M-n-h contrive,  
And Waller lye buzzing like Drone in a Hive,  
Let Phanaticks fret on, and preach to the Crowd  
Sedition and Faction and Treason aloud ;  
Wee'l drink off our Liquor to cherish good Blood,  
And in our King's Service wee'l let out the Flood.

Old



Old JEMMY.

**O**LD JEMMY is a Lad, right law--ful--ly de-

scended, no Bastard born nor bred, nor for a Whigg suspended:

A Heart and Soul so wondrous great, with such a conqu'ring

Eye, that ev'ry loyal Lad would plead in *Jemmy's* Cause to dye.

II.

Old JEMMY is a Prince  
Of noble Resolutions,  
Whose powerful Influence  
Can order our Confusions:  
But, oh! he fights with such a grace,  
No force can him withstand;  
No God of War but must give place  
Where *Jemmy* leads the Van.

III.

To *Jemmy* ev'ry Swain  
Does pay due veneration,  
And *Scotland* does maintain  
His Title to the Nation:  
The Pride of all the Court he stands,  
The Patron of his Cause,  
The Joy and Hope of all his Friends,  
The Terror of his Foes.

IV.

And now, oh happy Fate!  
The Kirk has taught a Lesson,  
A Blessing on the State,  
To settle the Succession:  
They loyal were, both Knight and Lord,  
And will his Rights maintain,  
By Royal Parliament restor'd,  
Old *Jemmy's* T O R K again.

✓



## The HEALTHS.

**S**INCE Plotting's a Trade, like the rest of the Nation, let 'em  
 lye and swear on to keep up the Vo-ca-tion. Let *Weavers* and  
*Turners* and *Joyners* agree to find work for the *Copper*, they'l  
 have none of me. Let politick Shams in the Statesman a-bound,  
 while we quaff our Bumpers and set the Glafs round : The jol-ly  
 Toper's the best Subject still, who drinks off his Liquor, and  
 thinks no more ill.

## II.

Here's a Health to the King and his lawful Successors,  
 To honest Tantivies and loyal Addressers;  
 But a pox take all those that promoted Petitions,  
 To poison the Nation, and stir up Seditions.  
 Here's a Health to the Queen and her Ladies of Honour,  
 And a pox take all those that put Sham-plots upon her.  
 Here's a Health to the Duke and Senate of *Scotland*,  
 To all honest Men, who from Bishops ne're got Land.

## III.

Here's a Health to all those love the King and his Laws,  
 And may they ne're pledge it that broach the *Old Cause*.  
 Here's a Health to the State, and a pox on the Pack  
 Of Commonwealth-Canters, and *Presbyter Jack*;  
 To the uppermost Pendent that ever did play  
 On the highest Top-Gallant o'th' *Sovereign o'th' Sea*;  
 And he that denies to the Standard to low'r,  
 May he sink in the Ocean, and never drink more.



*TORK and ALBANY.*

**N**OW, now the Zealots all must droop, the Synagogues shall

down, and Truth and Loyal-ty get up, the Pillars of the Throne. The

*Whiggs* (who Loyal-ty forlook) shall with one Voice agree, to welcome

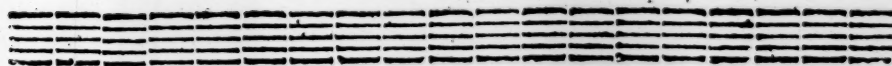
home the Mighty Duke of *TORK* and *ALBANT*.

II.

The *wandering Dove*, that was sent forth  
To find some Landing near,  
When *England's Ark* was tost on Floods  
Of *Jealousie* and *Fear*,  
Returns with *Olive-Branch* of Joy,  
To set the Nation free  
From *Whiggish* Rage, that wou'd destroy  
Great *TORK* and *ALBANT*.

III.

And may he with the Joys he wed  
For ever happy be,  
And live to crush the Serpents Head,  
Whose Sting did pierce his Knee :  
'Till Rebels tremble at his Name,  
And all the Land agree,  
The Rightful Int'rest to proclaim  
Of *TORK* and *ALBANT*.







## The DUKE's Return from Scotland.

**N**OW the *To-ries* that glory in Royal *Jemmy's* Return, i'th'  
Tavern rore it and score it, your Caps and Bonnets burn. Let the Lads  
and the Las-ses set foot to foot in their turn, and he that pas-ses his  
Glaſſes may he never ſcape the Horn. Royal *Jemmy* is come again, there's  
for honeſt Men room again, the *true Heir* is come home again, Fools and  
Baſtards we ſcorn, then heigh Boys laugh it, and quaff it, let *Whiggs*  
and *Zealots* mourn.

## II.

Let Impeaches and Speeches  
Be with the Authors pull'd down,  
And he that preaches or teaches  
Against the Heir o'th' Crown:  
No more the Jealous ſhall tell us  
Of the Succeſſion o'th' Throne,  
'Till the Rebellious, ſo zealous,  
His lawful Int'reſts own,  
*Monarchy* is got up again,  
Every Man take his Cup again,  
'Till we make the Slaves droop again,  
Who our Peace wou'd inthrall;  
And every Rebel that libell'd,  
Do at his Footſtool ſalk

## III.

Then the Station o'th' Nation  
On Terms more honeſt will be.  
Nor bold Oration in faſhion  
To rail at Monarchy:  
The *City Royal* be loyal,  
And common Juſtice agree,  
T'avenge loſt Heads on the Tryal  
Of *O—s* and *S—b—y*:  
Then Diſſenters ſhall aid the Throne,  
And Addreſſers perſwade the Throne,  
'Gainſt the Traitors invade the Throne:  
*London Charter* be free,  
And *Ignoramus* be famous  
For Truth and Loyalty.



On the *DUKE's* Return after Shipwrack.

**T** H'rough Tempests at Sea, th'rough Tumults on Shore, the  
 wandering bright Planet a--gain is restor'd, still welcome, but  
 ne're more welcome before to all honest Men, who his absence de-  
 plor'd : We sigh'd in the Shade for the Sun we a--dore, and  
 now with fresh Incense our Altars run o're.

## II.

To the *King* and the *Queen*, to the Brim let it flow,  
 The *Duke* and the *Dutchess* shall have the next place,  
 To the Royal *Blew-Cap* about let it go,  
 The blooming fresh Blossom of the ancient Race :  
 May he reign, and live ever to conquer his Foes,  
 Who *Monarchy* hate, and its Rights dare oppose.

## III.

But Pilot take care, and look to your Charge,  
 Keep loof to the Windings, the Glas is run out,  
 For if you want Depth you endanger the Barge,  
 Then launch in the Ocean, and tack it about :  
 If Quickfands or Shallows our Vessel withstood,  
 To waft her off safe we will raise a new Flood.

## IV.

Then fill up, and see no Ebb in the Glas,  
 For want of High-water the Ship run aground ;  
 Then if we must fall while he safely does pass,  
 Wee'l in the full Tide of Allegiance be drown'd :  
 The Dog that dares bark while this *Planet* does shine,  
 In a Thirst let him dye, and in Darkness repine.





Great JEMMY.

**H**ERE'S a Health to the Man, that ne're did op--pose the  
 King, nor his Interest, Council, nor Laws, Great JEMMY, that  
 scorns to stoop to such toys, as the Noise of the Rabble, or Shouting  
 of Boys : Great JEMMY, the Va--l'ant, the Injur'd and Brave,  
 the Di'mond that shines in the darksome Cave.

II.

Crown every Glas with Lawrel and Bays,  
 Whilst we drink to his Health, and sing to his Praise :  
 Then think on the *Dutch*, what Conquests did flow  
 From that Spring-Tide of Glories, to varnish his Brow :  
 Then with one consent let's boldly declare,  
 He's the *Soul* of our *Peace*, and the *God* of our *War*.

III.

Let's drink to the *HERO* who *Scotland* subdu'd,  
 And brought to Allegiance the factious Crowd :  
 Each Day may fresh Garlands his Temples adorn,  
 As bright as the Day, and as fresh as the Morn :  
 That *Jemmy* the Valiant, to *Scotland's* great praise,  
 May shine like the Sun in the midst of his Rays.

IV.

Away with it then, set the Bumpers about,  
 His Enemies all may He put to the rout :  
 Each snarling *Phanatick* may he hang down his Ears,  
 Whose *Malice* created our *Doubts* and our *Fears* ;  
 That *JEMMY* the Great, with encrease of good Days,  
 May shine like the Sun in the midst of his Rays.

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## A Pastoral SONG.

**I** N fair *Arcadian* Plains *Philander* fed his Sheep, where safe  
 in the Shade the Lambs undisturb'd did sleep, young *Strephon* was  
 chief amongst the Swains. 'Twas then *Phi-lan-der* cry'd, ha  
 me ! ha ! ha me ! What Insolence, what Pride did his Sen-ses  
 steep ? that thus the un-hap-py Boy shou'd side with Wolves  
 and Bears against the Shepherd and the Sheep.

## II.

But charming Youth beware  
 Thy projects are in vain,  
 The wrong'd *Celadon* to the Flocks is return'd again,  
 Great *Celadon*, the Rightful Heir :  
 Then *Strephon*, oh return !  
 Oh ! oh ! oh ! Return, e're thou too late becomes a fatal prey,  
 The pride, and unlamented scorn  
 Of that devouring Herd that led thy Heart astray.

## III.

*Philander* thus complain'd,  
 But all alas ! in vain ;  
 An old *Serpent* lurk'd in the Grass ; the unwary Swain  
 Suck'd in the Charm, and the Sting remain'd :  
 The poysoning Tap he drains :  
 Alas ! A-A-las ! the deadly Draught that did so fatal prove,  
 That since th' Inchant'd Youth remains  
 Than poyson'd Adders deafer, and more blind than Love.





Young JEMMY, a Catch.

YOUNG Jemmy, the Blade of Royal Stamp, is blasted in the Case,  
The Faries crept in, the Faries, and left a Changeling in his place.  
The Spark, the Spark that fires the Nymphs, and the Sun that  
gilds the Plains :

Then bring us more Wine, the Dog-star bites, more Wine to cool our  
Brains.

Was ever poor Youth, was ever poor Youth so unhappily undone !  
H'as lost a Father, but who can say the Father has lost a Son ?

[You may sing this to what Tune you please, 'till we get a better.]

OSSERY, a Catch.

COUNT OSSERY, and what of he ? He beat out the French,

out of their own Trench, then take off your Beer, and remember

Myn Heer; sing hey ho ! for the poor Monsieur.

The PLOT unvail'd.

RAW, draw the Vail, the Plot's growing stale, that has

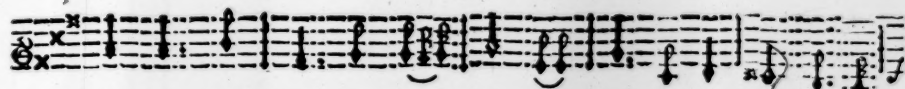
blinded three parts of the Nation. The Tap's on the Lees, and

ev'ry Man sees through the Cask of the As-so-ci-a-tion. You

brood on a Plot which Rome cou'd not effect, tho so long 'twas a

hatching.

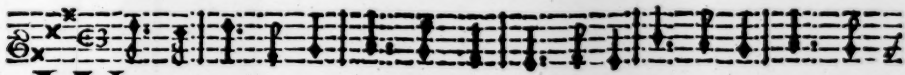




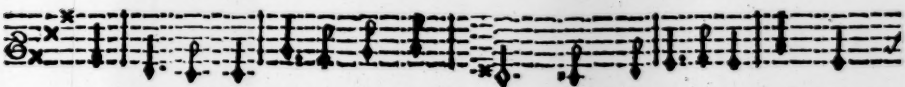
hatching. This Stalk-horse you bring to shoot at the King, on the



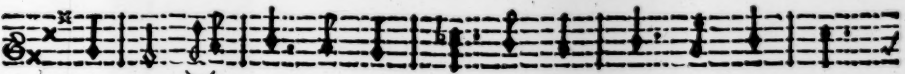
Game, while the Fowler is watching.



What a pox do you mean? for to gull us again? with a specious



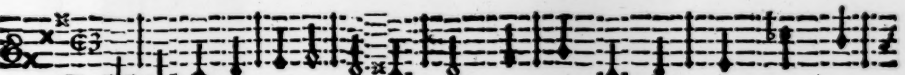
pretence of *Allegiance* to your Prince, whilst to *Loyalty* each Man



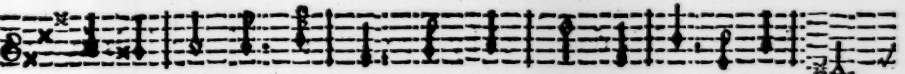
pretends, yet hates in his heart both the King and his Friends ;



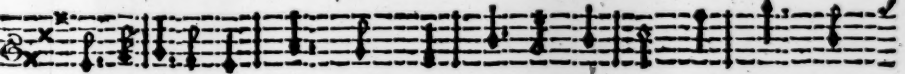
both the King and his Friends.



Sure he was a *loy-al Subject* too, who cut off the King's Head, as



well as you. So they call'd themselves *then*, and so do you *now* :



For Religion and Conscience the Saints did it then, and you'd make



no Conscience to do it a--gain.

[Sing the three following Stanza's to the Measure of the three foregoing.]

F ..

Thus,



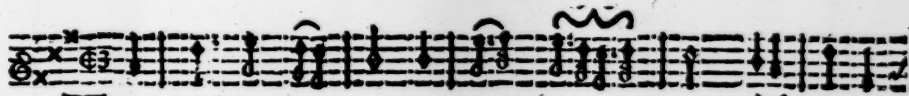


Thus, thus you made  
Religion a Trade  
In City, and Country, and Village,  
Your Rights to maintain,  
And Freedom to gain,  
By Imprisoning, Plunder, and Pillage;  
With Fire and with Sword,  
Your *All* you secur'd,  
The *Safety* and *Peace* of the Nation;  
Whilst *Sacrilege*, and  
The Church to trapan,  
Was all the Religion in fashion.

For shame then give o're  
With your shamekin Tricks,  
To rail as before  
With your *Goathams* and *Dicks*,  
Whilst *Popery*'s still the pretence,  
To stir up the *Rabble* against the true Prince,  
Against the true Prince.

Is there Religion, Law, or Sence,  
In opposing Decrees of Providence?  
Kings are her chief care, then *Whigg* is a thing  
Is a Rebel to his Maker as well as his King.

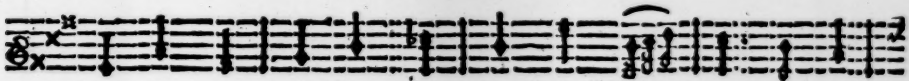
C H O R U S.



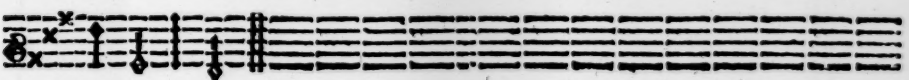
Then since 'tis de--creed by Pro—vi—dence, let's freely



submit to its In—flu—ence, in the lawful Succession, and



own the great Blessing, that Heav'n hath re—stor'd us the



lawful Prince.

F I N I S.